

Canibus Lyrics

"Mikey Destruction, Devastating Tito & Dj Slice"

(feat. Devastating Tito, DJ Slice & Mikey Destruction)

Canibus calls him the master of black acetate vinyl
From New York City to Cairo
DJ Slice

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Assassination attempt, the blood had a stench
Bloodhounds picked up the scent, I thought we was friends
Wearing a lab coat, looking through the microscope lens
He say he'd never sniff coke again, fuck that
Give me the snow plow, bust it all down
Freestyle in the dollar van all the way uptown
The bait is always food, pussy and water
It smells so good, it sleepwalk you to your slaughter
Hip Hop awarder ahora, stand next to Rita Ora
Straight balls on the track no chorus
The dollar general, street corner sentinel reputable
Sell a few sidewinders for revenue
What you saying? Tut took a nigga chain
Then put a Michael Jackson glove on, I can't explain
Spit, live nigga shit, you get the gist
From AR to the K-Bar, customized grip

[Verse 2 - Mikey Destruction:]

Who want it? Come and get it, we can spit it if you with it
One lyric will leave a hole in the logo of your fitted
Bars like penitentiaries mellow, win mentally
Destroy the enemy I could bellow it instrumentally
Canibus and Destruction back to back
Causes spontaneous combustion on a track
Lyrics flame on anything we put our name on
That's why your ears been burning since the song came on
Lames gone, game's on, this is no joke
The pros choke, that cynical shit will get your nose broke
Subliminal shit is a waste
I don't have to speak in riddles 'cause I'll say it to your face
And this is just a little taste
'Cause if I really start spitting it, this shit will catch a case
Check your history, y'all niggas can't get with me
I'm your favorite MC to the fifth degree

[Verse 3 - Devastating Tito:]

A [?] model, Diallo, hollows the Mellow Man
The stage ain't Apollo, them hollows will leave 'em hologram
The war season, there's more treason
The core reason these cats fiending for me, I cruise Norwegian
I'm articulate, bomb tickin', I'm armed lyrics

The mortician that lift the spirits from your formed physics
As egotistical make 'em shake like I'm mystical
Keep his face in a pistol this station will run municipals
It's our century, commentary is monetray
My monastery is armor heavy I was born ready
So bring your generals and a minute of intervals
I'ma spit on your literature, defecate and spit on you niggas
It's broken mirrors with broken spirits the motion sickness
My flow floats across these waters like it's open water
It's Canibus and Mikey, Tito the rap de-vils
I break eagles like I'm breakin' records on track needles

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]

Spikes across the road Mikey D tag team yo
Refresh reload in magazine mode
Transition pole position the globe spinning
Chop sticks in a rice bowl with some gold in it
Bust him in the head with a brick, he hop away with no hip
He still love Hip Hop no shit
Crucifix around your neck, take the cross off your back
In fact, we thank the Lord for rap
Mirror mirror on the wall tell me what you saw
Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, yes yes y'all
Inside the hall of fame with graffiti on the walls
The engineer said, "Take it easy on the boards"
Attack dog jump off to shred mic chords
Put 'em all in a cage and see what they fight for
One goat, two goats, three goats, four
We rep Hip Hop from roof top to the floor

[Verse 5 - Mikey Destruction:]

Drop jewels with the best of 'em, I'm cool with the rest of 'em
Fools who keep questionin', school 'em and keep testin' 'em
Manipulate the tracks while I'm spittin' out the facts
Slap, picking it up, you ain't gettin' none of that
Precise I'm nice nigga, the flow is impeccable
Amazing what some sleep, a pen and pad and a check'll do
What started slow for me, now I'm a vet and a spectacle
They killed the rotary, so now I'm gettin' technical
Beast mode, the East Coast will never die
And jet mode to the West Coast, forever fly
Transporter no JanSport or no camcorder
Sip a quart of water while I'm kidnappin' your man's daughter
Canibus said, "Ill," I went crazy with it
Other cats said, "Chill," fugazy with it
I got your back for life Bis, you feel me?
That's what it is when you fucking with a real G